

THE  
**GIULIANIAD,**

GUITARIST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



No. III.

833

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY  
SHERWOOD AND CO., 23, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
CHAPPEL, Music Seller to the King, 50, NEW BOND STREET;  
AND DUFE, 65, OXFORD STREET.

HOWLETT AND BRIMMER, PRITH STREET, SOHO.

PRICE 2s. 6d.



# THE GIULIANIAD.

OR

Guitarists' Monthly Magazine.

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Any hints of improvement or assistance from Correspondents will be esteemed a favor,  
addressed to the Editor, at MR. DUFF'S, 65, Oxford Street.



THEME.

Andante.

J. Kreutzer.

No. 1.

First theme, marked 'Andante' and 'No. 1'. The music is in 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic and ends with a forte (f) dynamic and a sharp sign. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes first and second endings, marked '1st' and '2d'. The fourth staff concludes the theme with a forte (f) dynamic.

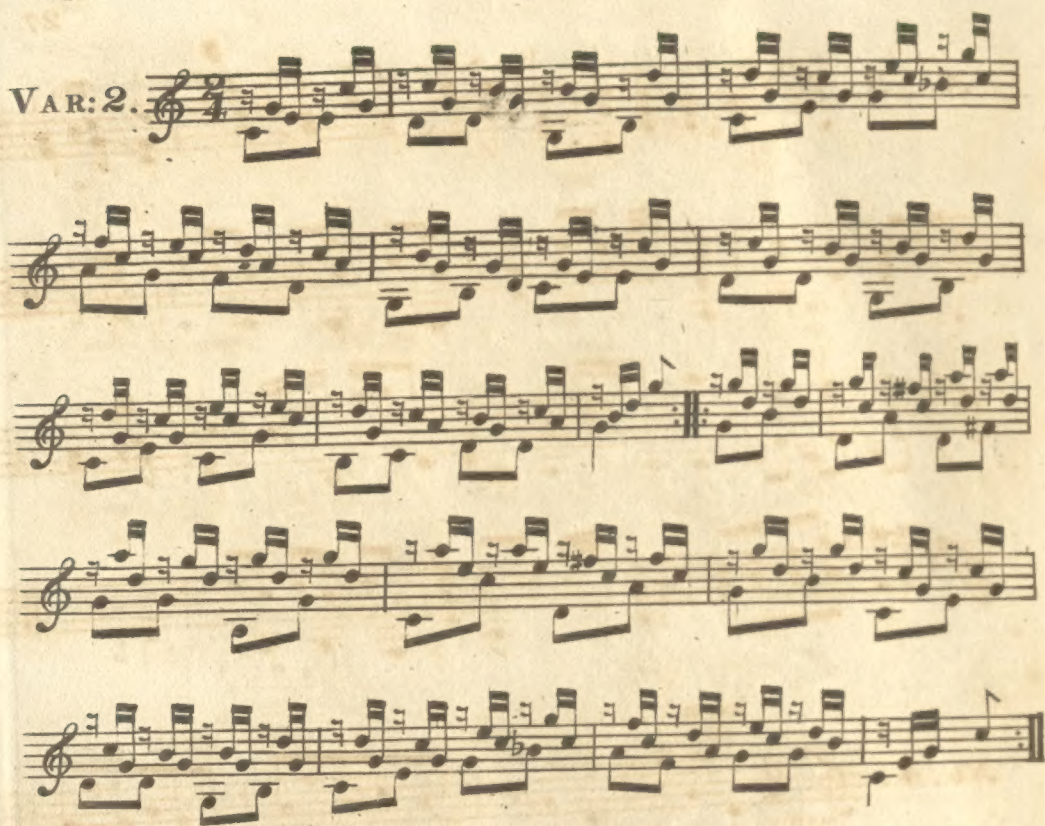
VAR: I.

First variation, marked 'VAR: I.'. The music is in 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes first and second endings, marked '1st' and '2d'. The fourth and fifth staves conclude the variation with a forte (f) dynamic.



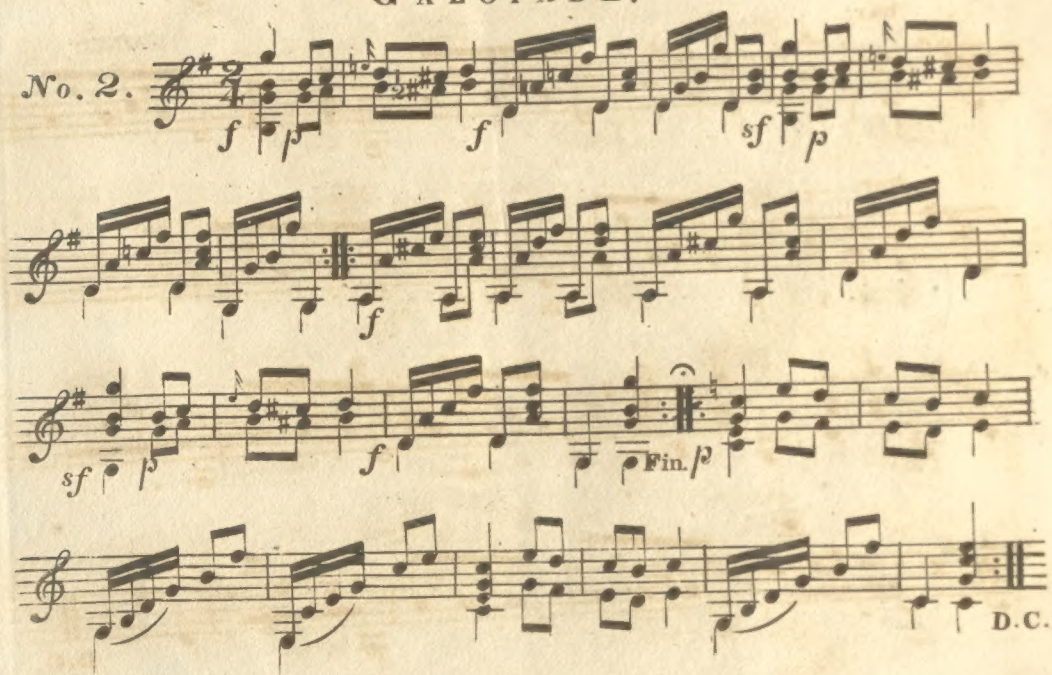
26

VAR: 2.



GALOPADE.

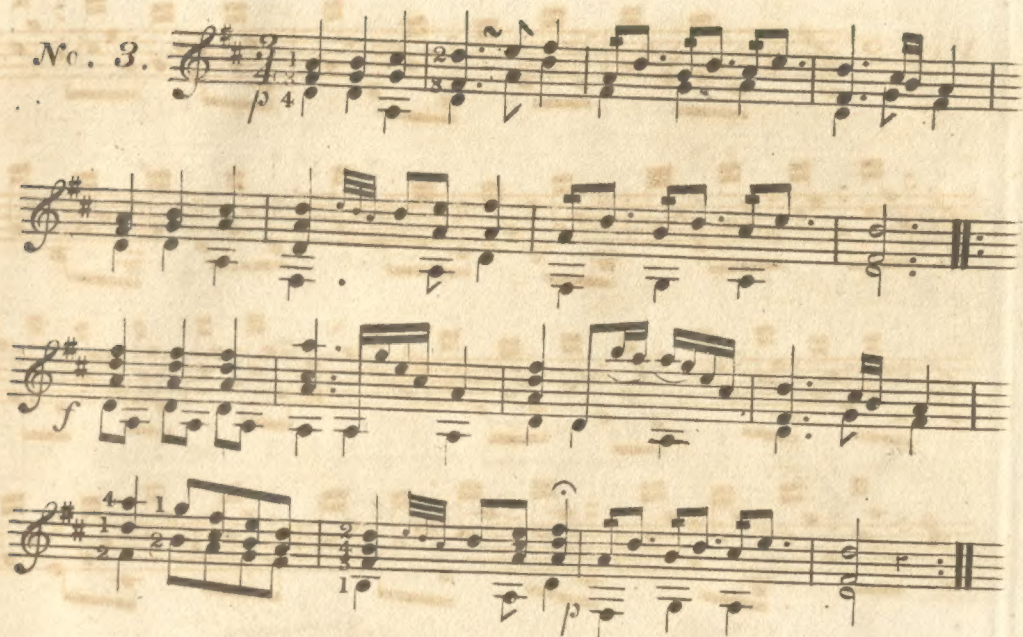
No. 2.



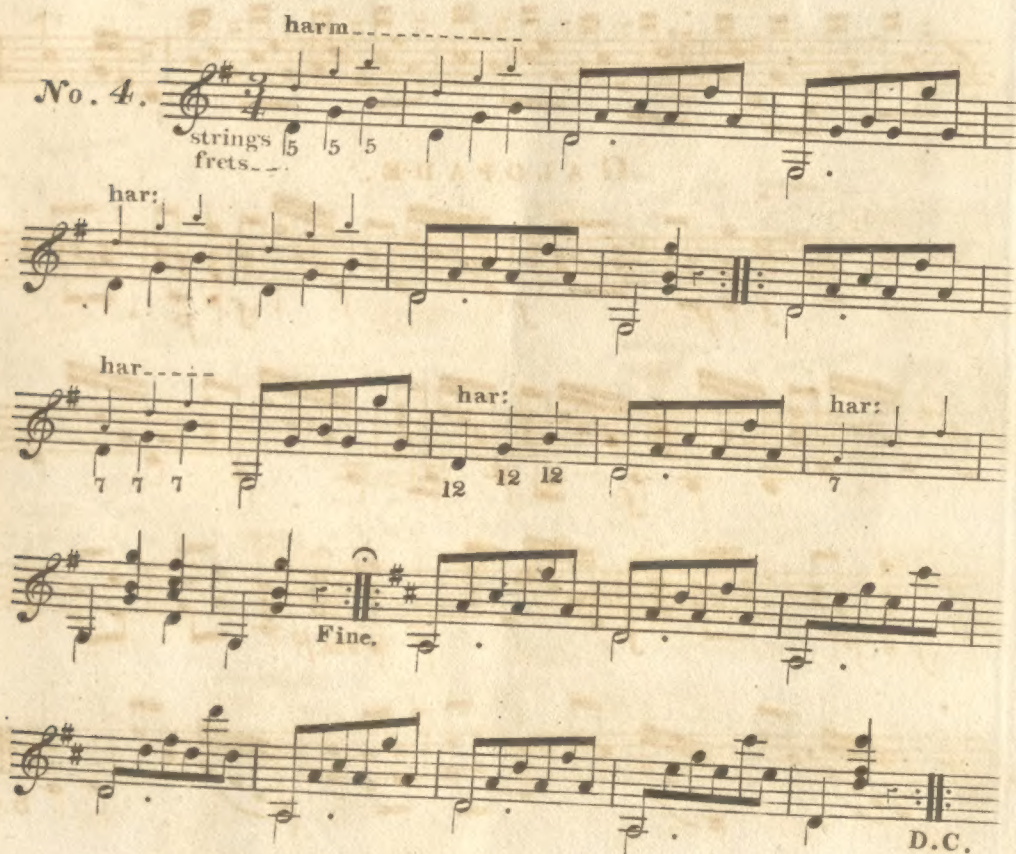
D.C.



No. 3.



No. 4.

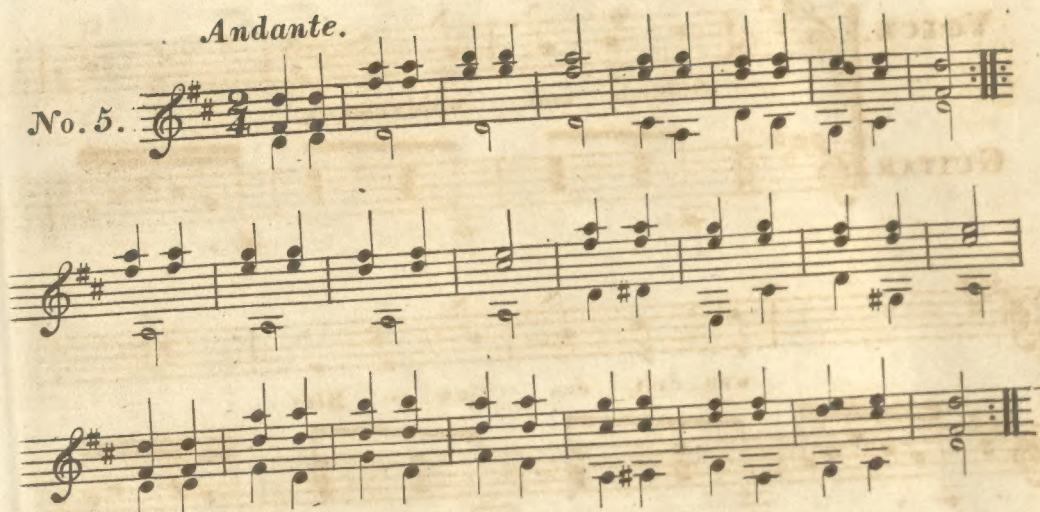




28

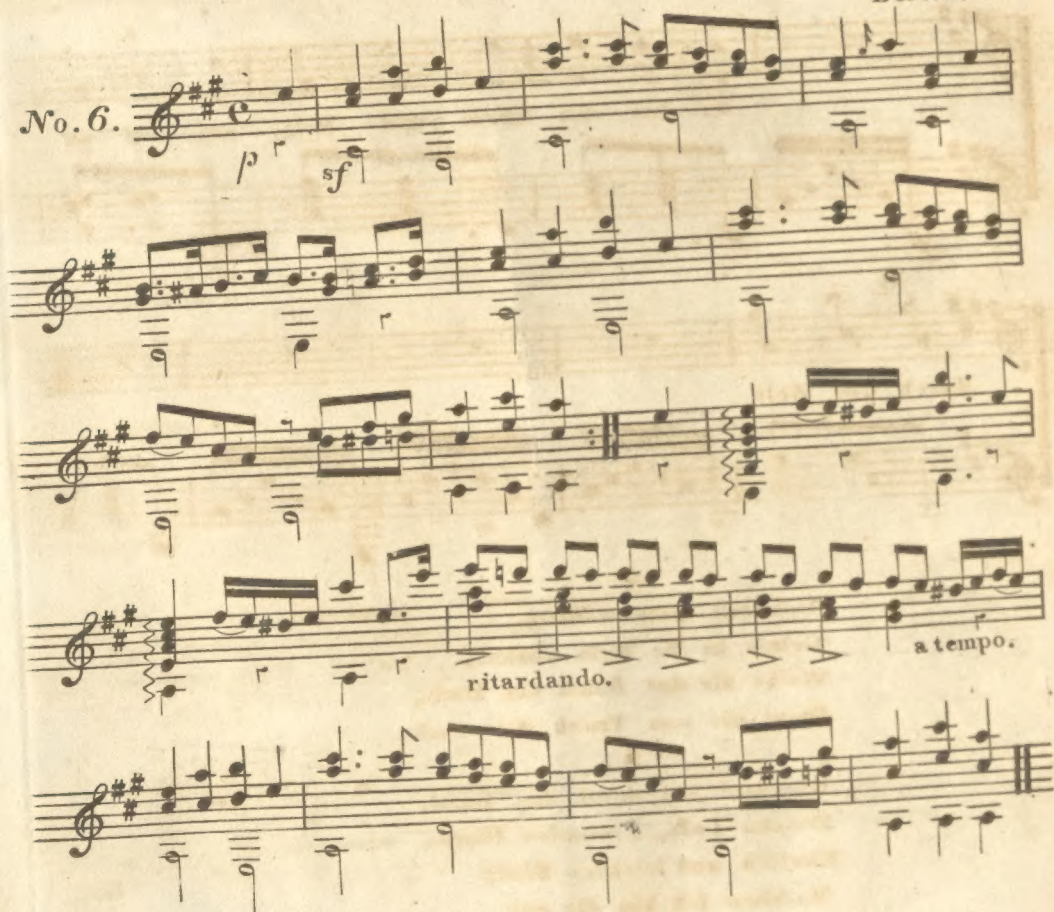
*Andante.*

No. 5.



Berton.

No. 6.





FRÖLICH UND WOHLGEMUTH.

29

Allegretto.

VOICE.

Fröhlich und wohlgemuth

GUITAR.

wan-delt das jun-ge Blut

u-ber den Rhein und Belt, auf und ab

durch die Welt.

2

Ueberall Sonnenschein,  
Geht's in die Welt hinein,  
Wölbt dir der Baum ein Dach,  
Dient dir zum Trunk der Bach.

3

Hin und her durch das Land,  
Frische Luft, Freundes Hand,  
Ehrlich und leichtes Blut:  
Mädchen ich bin dir gut.



30

T H E M E .

M. Giuliani.

*Andante.* *mf*

*Cres.* *f*

V A R :

*Cres.* *f* *sf* *p*



Three staves of musical notation in treble clef, key of D major. The first staff contains measures 1-4 with dynamics *rf*, *sf*, and *sf*. The second staff contains measures 5-8 with dynamics *sf*, *sf*, *sf*, and *sf*. The third staff contains measures 9-12 with dynamics *f* and *p*.

THEMA.

F. SOR.

Andante.

Four staves of musical notation in treble clef, key of D major, 2/4 time signature. The first staff is the beginning of the 'THEMA' section. The subsequent staves continue the theme with various melodic and harmonic developments.



THE CAPTIVE, TO HIS GUITAR.

**VOICE** *Moderato.*

Listen, ah!

**GUITAR**

listen, 'Tis Day's dy - ing hour, Farewell now pealing to

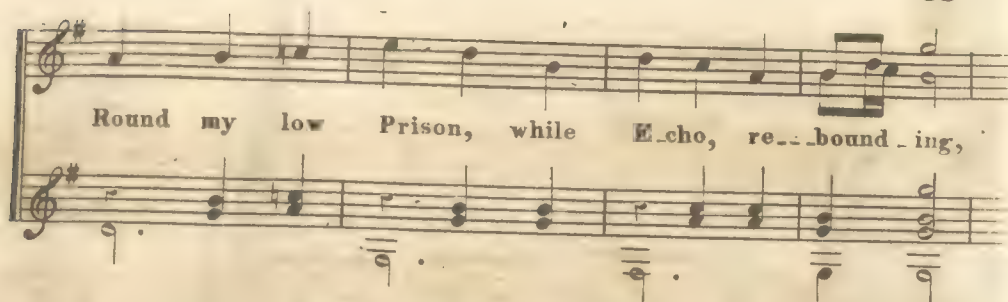
yonder lone star: Hoarsely re-ply-ing, beneath my dark

tower, Sweep the wild wa - ters, o'er swell - ing a - far.

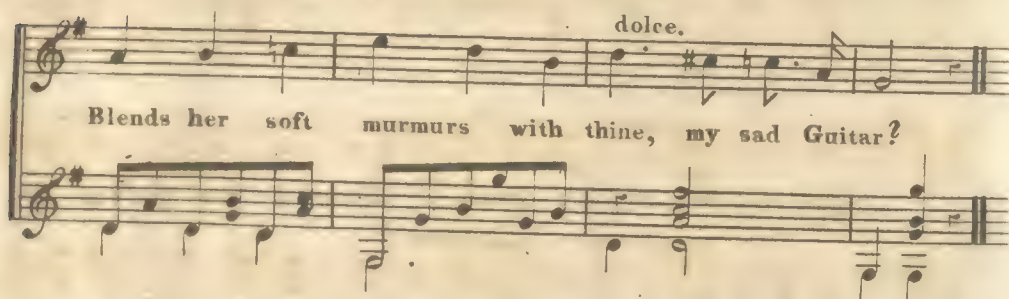
Listen, Ah! list-en, The Night Watch is sounding.

The musical score is written for voice and guitar. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The guitar part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with the voice part starting on a whole note and the guitar part starting with a series of eighth notes. The second system continues the melody with the voice part and the guitar part providing harmonic support. The third system features a more complex rhythmic pattern with the voice part and the guitar part. The fourth system shows the voice part and the guitar part. The fifth system concludes the piece with the voice part and the guitar part.



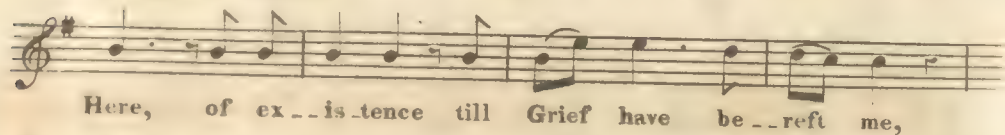


Round my low Prison, while Echo, re--bound-ing,

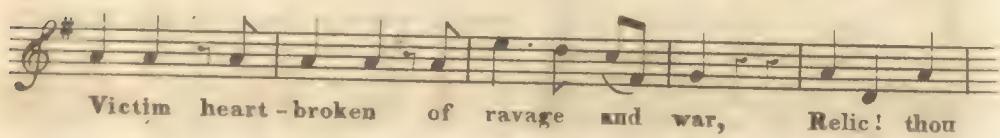


dolce.  
Blends her soft murmurs with thine, my sad Guitar?

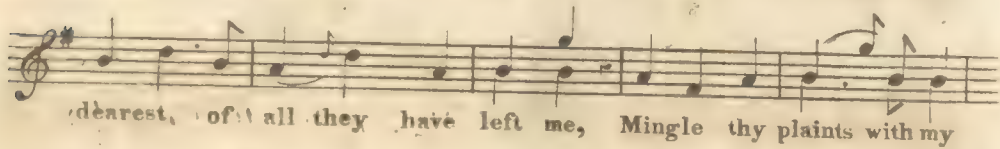
*Second Verse.*



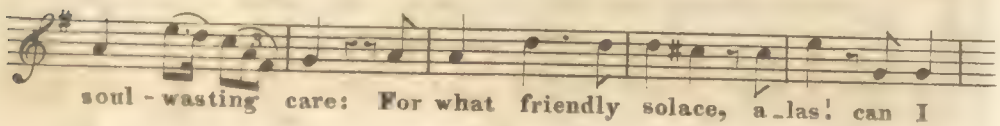
Here, of ex--istence till Grief have be--reft me,



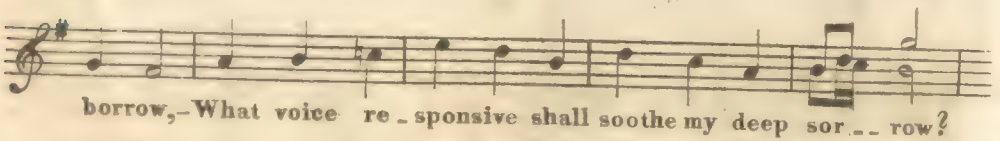
Victim heart-broken of ravage and war, Relic! thou




dearest, of all they have left me, Mingle thy plaints with my



soul-wasting care: For what friendly solace, a-las! can I



borrow,--What voice re-sponsive shall soothe my deep sor--row?



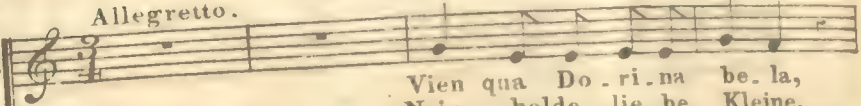
Thine, on--ly thine, oh, my treasur'd Gui--tar!

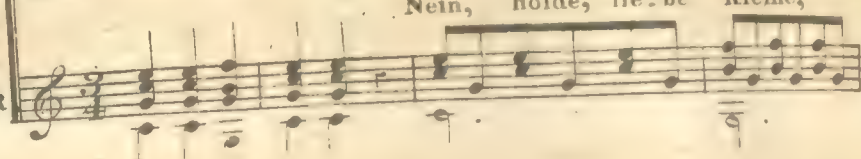


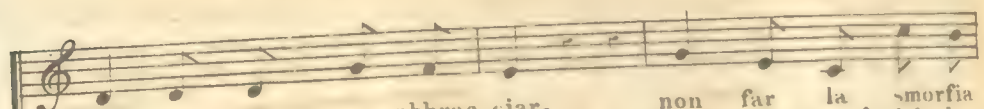
## LA SMORFIA SELLA.

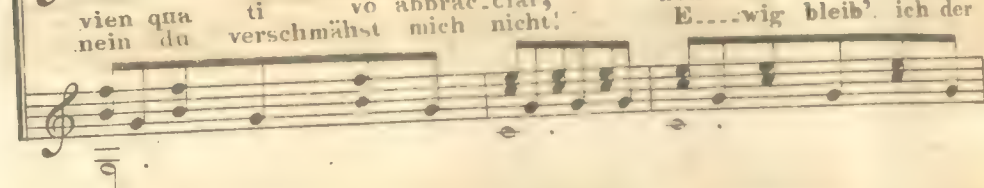
F. Bianchi.

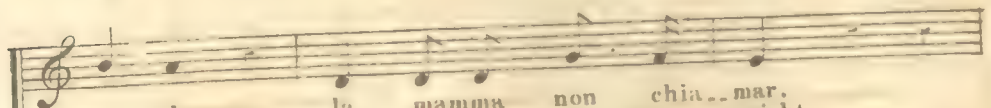
*Allegretto.*

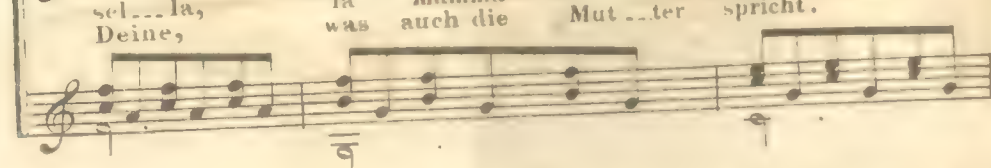
VOICE.  Vieni qua Do-ri-na be-la,  
Nein, holde, lie-be Kleine,

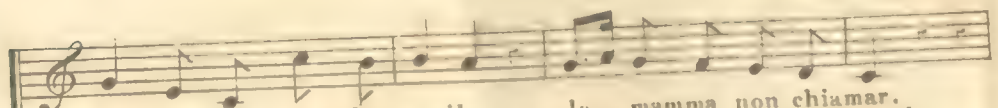
GUITAR 


 vien qua ti vo abbrac-ciar, non far la smorfia  
nein du verschmähst mich nicht! E...wig bleib' ich der




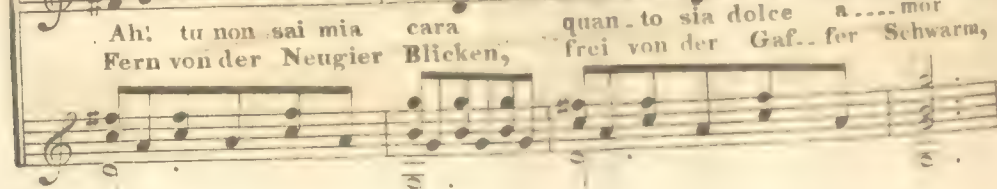
 sel-la, la mamma non chia-mar.  
Deine, was auch die Mut-ter spricht.



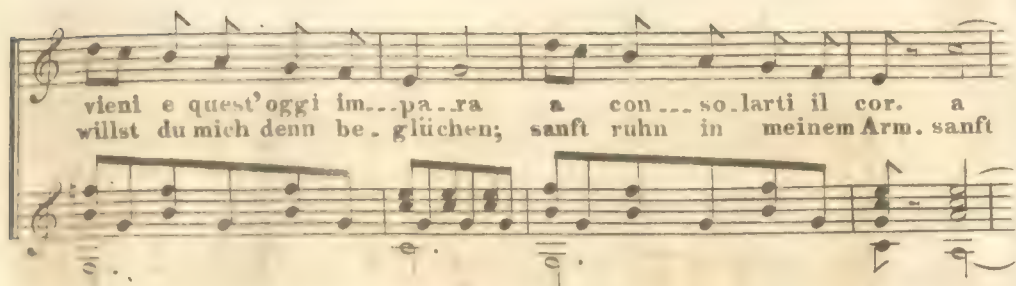
 non far la smorfia sella, la mamma non chiamar.  
e...wig bleib' ich der Deine, was auch die Mutter spricht.



 Ah! tu non sai mia cara quan-to sia dolce a...mor  
Fern von der Neugier Blicken, frei von der Gaf-fer Schwarm,



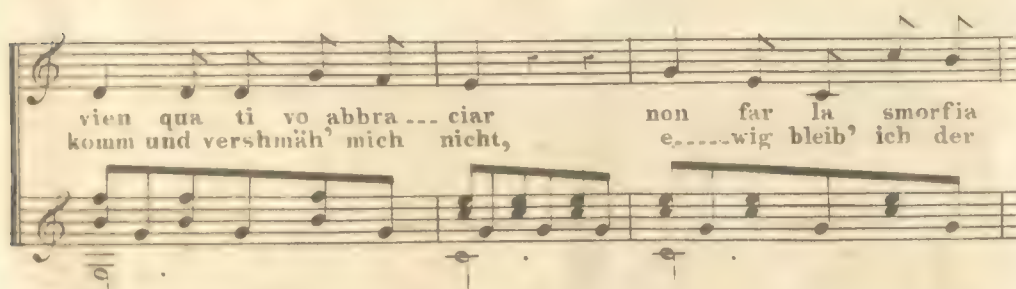




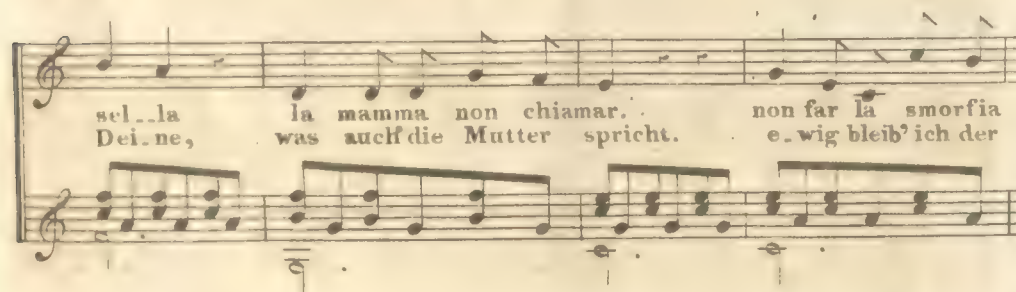
vieni e quest'oggi im...pa...ra a con...so.larti il cor. a  
willst du mich denn be. glüchen; sanft ruhn in meinem Arm. sanft



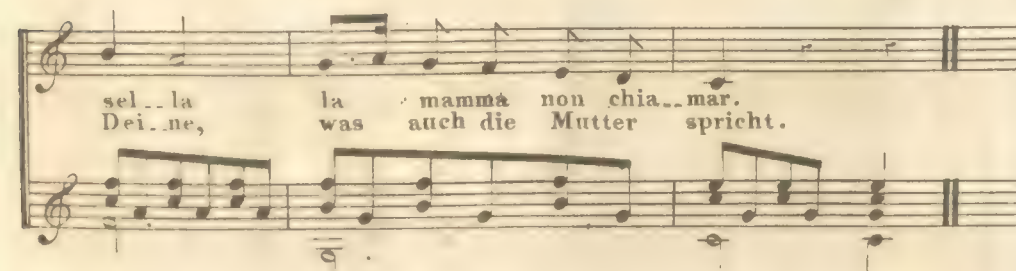
con.so.lar.ti il cor. Dunque vien qua mia bella,  
ruhn in meinem Arm. Komm hol.de lie...be Kleine,



vien qua ti vo abra...ciar non far la smorfia  
komm und verschmäh' mich nicht, e...wig bleib' ich der




sel..la la mamma non chiamar. non far la smorfia  
Dei..ne, was auch die Mutter spricht. e..wig bleib' ich der





sel..la la mamma non chia..mar.  
Dei..ne, was auch die Mutter spricht.

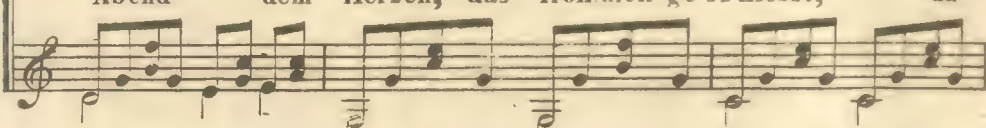


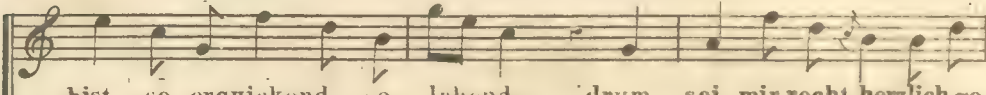
Andante

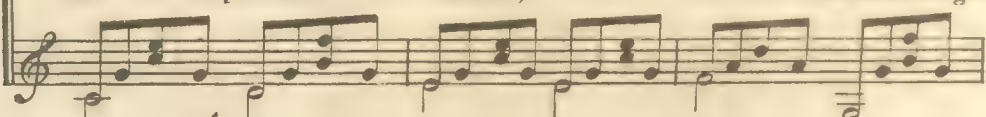
VOICE.  Willkommen o se...liger


GUITAR. 


 Abend dem Herzen, das froh dich ge...niesst, du



 bist so erquickend so labend, drum sei mir recht herzlich ge-



 grüsst.



2

In dieser erfreulichen Kühle  
Vergisst man die Leiden der Zeit,  
Vergisst man des Mittages Schwüle,  
Und ist nur zum Danken bereit.

3

Willkommen, o Abend voll Milde,  
Du schaffst dem Ermüdeten Ruh,  
Versetzt uns in Edens Gefilde  
Und lächelst uns Seligkeit zu.



## HORACE'S CITHARA OR GUITAR.

---

IF we examine the lyrical compositions of Horace, admirable, as they are in harmony and composition, we must be sensible that they were peculiarly adapted to a musical instrument like the guitar, as those who have a nice ear for Latin verse must freely acknowledge. As an amatory poet, indeed, Horace stands in the first rank; no modern, however celebrated, can approximate to him, in point of exquisite diction, appropriate sentiment, and melody every where adapted to the sense. But it is the opinion of Quintilian, a most excellent judge, and one from whose decision in Latin literature there is no appeal, that Horace is almost the only lyric poet that deserves to be read; that he occasionally rises into sublimity, abounds in every species of elegance, and is most felicitous in sentiment and figurative diction. As for his eminence as an amatory poet, we may observe that the odes he has addressed to Roman females are among the most charming of his productions, and that his Sapphic odes are such as would be most suitable to the guitar. Horace, who like Pope, was diminutive and insignificant in person, yet frequently boasts of his success in affairs of gallantry, alluding at the same time to the powers of this instrument as being one of the most essential auxiliaries in his *Citherean* wars. When he declares in a *Farewell Ode* that he relinquishes all further amatory pursuits, he formally mentions that he will hang up his Cithara or Barbiton in the temple of Venus, as a votive offering to the goddess. The lovers of music, who are generally lovers of good poetry also, will find in this poet—whom the learned Dr. V. Knox styles the best companion of a man of fashion—a great fund of truly elegant and classical entertainment; and they will meet in him what is very rarely the gift of any poet, a writer that never tires, and one who displays fresh beauties after every repeated perusal. At the same time that we make these remarks, we are sensible that the classical scholar will confess that the high encomiums we have passed on this celebrated poet will not be recognized by the ordinary English reader, since the translations that have hitherto appeared, give but a faint idea of the exquisite beauties of his diction and numbers. Pope we believe, in one or two instances, has approached the beauty of the original in a paraphrase of some of the odes; but as his genius was more satirical than lyrical, his imitations of the satires are fully equal and sometimes superior to the happiest efforts of this celebrated classic. In justification of this opinion, which may have the appearance of novelty, we beg to quote Lord Chesterfield who expresses himself thus in one of his letters to his son: “I will venture on a little classical



blasphemy, which is, that if Pope is indebted to Horace, Horace on the other hand is more frequently indebted to Pope." But to return to the guitar. While we intimated to our readers that the lyrical measures of Horace were extremely apt and appropriate to an accompaniment of this instrument, yet as such a similitude is not obvious to a mere modern reader, nor is the felicity of his diction to be duly appreciated unless by persons skilled in his language—a quotation from Pope, who is allowed to be the best of translators as well as imitators, may furnish our readers with a tolerable just idea of Horace's mode of treating a subject of love and gallantry. It is but just, however, to observe that though our heroic measure is the best representative that affords of the Greek and Latin hexameter, yet there is no measure in the compass of our poetry that assimilates to the lyrical compositions of the ancients. The extract from Pope, however, will afford a specimen of felicitous diction which deserves to be recognized as a faithful transcript of Horace's happiest vein.

" Then shall thy form the marble grace,  
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face;  
 His house, embosom'd in the grove  
 Sacred to social life and social love,  
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,  
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene.  
 Thither the silver-sounding lyres  
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;  
 There, every grace and muse shall throng,  
 Exalt the dance or animate the song;  
 There youths and nymphs, in concert gay  
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.  
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;  
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.  
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,  
 The still-believing, still renewed desire:  
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,  
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!  
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!  
 Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?  
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,  
 Stop or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?  
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,  
 Absent I follow through the extended dream.  
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,  
 And now you burst (ah, cruel from my arms?)  
 And swiftly shoot along the mall,  
 Or softly glide by the canal;  
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,  
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away."

*From Pope's Ode to Venus.*



S O R.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GIULIANIAD.

SIR,

BEING a subscriber to your Monthly Guitar publication, and seeing the spirited manner in which it promises to be conducted, I sit down to write you a word or two respecting Ferdinand Sor, that excellent guitar player and composer, trusting that my humble observations with regard to the guitar, and the productions of that eminent master, may, perhaps, not prove quite unworthy of insertion in your admirable journal. It is a fact, that until the arrival of Sor in this country, which took place about fifteen or sixteen years ago, the guitar was scarcely known here, and the impression he then made on his first performance at the Argyll Rooms, which I attended; was of a nature which will never be erased from my memory; it was at once magical and surprising; nobody could credit that such effects could be produced on the *guitar*! indeed, there was a sort of a suppressed laughter when he first came forth before the audience, which, however, soon changed into the most unbounded admiration when he began to display his talents. London was, at that time, not without persons who *professed* to teach the guitar; and I know that several of these guitar-quacks went there "to scoff, but remained to pray!" I only wish I could have had the pleasure of hearing Giuliani perform, and to be thus qualified to draw a proper comparison between him and Sor; but if, as I understand, Giuliani's tone was more powerful than Sor's, the compositions of the latter, executed by the former, must have left little or nothing to be wished for with regard to perfection on that instrument. I am well acquainted with the voluminous productions of Giuliani, and have learned duly to appreciate them; still, I trust it will not be considered as prejudice on my part when I say, that the beautiful compositions of Sor have touched and inspired my soul beyond all others. What wonder then that such became the chosen objects of my particular study; and if it is said of Giuliani, that "he must be considered as the inventor of a new method of *playing*"—perhaps I may be permitted to say, that we ought to consider Sor as the inventor of a new method of *composing*. Let me point out to you, as a specimen, his delightful fantasia, opera 7;\* the introductory largo, in Comnor, with its heart-thrilling combinations of chords, (although rather spun out too long) which abounds

\* The theme of this Opera will be found in our present number, page 31.



with elegance and beauty from beginning to end, leading to the tender floating theme in C major, and its variations; all these beauties must be highly relished by the proficient, as they must likewise fascinate every sincere admirer of the guitar! Allow me, especially, to draw your attention to the variations, Nos. 1, 4, and 7, and say, whether music like that is not worthy of study? I trust, Mr. Editor, that in giving some extracts of this splendid fantasia, in one of your next numbers, they will not only be welcome to those who have that instrument, but might, perhaps, do a great deal of good among a certain class of ding-dong Marsyasses, who *profess*, by their advertisements, to teach the guitar in "*Six Lessons!*" thus, by their fallacious assertions, infecting inexperienced minds with an idea that the guitar is *only* fit for an accompaniment. Their assertion need excite no surprise, for as they are evidently ignorant of the capability of the instrument, they cannot, of course, be competent to teach what they themselves do not understand. Thus, then, their "*Six Lesson Pupils*" remain for ever standing, as it were, upon one leg, with the other lifted up to step into the vestibule that leads to the sanctuary of the guitar, but prevented by their *excellent* masters from venturing farther, for fear of both master and pupil breaking their necks. If such pupils ever have the chance of hearing a superior performer on the guitar, and possess, perhaps, taste and judgment to appreciate it, (an effect not to be expected from their masters), they would naturally exclaim, "Is it possible! we had no conception of such brilliant effects from the guitar."

But the guitar, as a classical instrument, would be exploded for ever, had it the misfortune to depend on the mercy of such quacks. I really think, the idea would not be a bad one, to have a college established, where pupils (on all instruments) should undergo suitable examinations, like surgeons, to prove that they are skilful, before they are permitted to practice, such a regulation would speedily banish these pretenders and impostors (these "*Six Lesson*" gentry), and thus leave the field open to unassuming merit, that would rest solely on its own talents and attainments.

However, I trust, Mr. Editor, that your valuable journal will essentially contribute to raise the guitar in the estimation of those whose ideas have hitherto suffered under wrong representation by worthless charlatans, and that the instrument in question will universally obtain the patronage to which it is so justly entitled.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your's obediently,

N.

[Our obliging correspondent N. appears to us to assign too much importance to these arrogant pretenders. Their very insignificance sinks them to their proper level; and although the English public have been, and still are liable to be duped, yet, when once the test of real merit is exhibited to them, they immediately discard the meretricious pretensions of combined incapacity and presumption. Music, like other departments of art and science, is infested by a swarm of shameless sciolists, but such tribes are naturally evanescent, and sink gradually into their native obscurity at the approach of superior light and information. With regard to the compositions of Sor, we are warm admirers of them, and shall, of course, extract from them in our future numbers. A critical analysis of his performance will likewise be given in an early number.]—ED.



" SING TO THY SWEET GUITAR."

---

I.

I'VE listen'd to the sweetest songs  
That ever wanton'd by,  
Where pleasure led her courtly throngs,  
And festal joy was high ;  
The nightingale in bow'ry shade,  
The gondolier afar,—  
But none like thine, O lovely maid !  
When sounds thy sweet Guitar.

II.

There is a murmur'd soul-felt sigh,  
That trembles through the lay,  
Before whose charm my sorrows die,  
Like morning dews, away :  
Oh ! ere the kind illusion fade,  
Invoke some pitying star ;—  
Renew, renew the spell, dear maid !  
Sing to thy sweet Guitar.

W. BALL.



## THE FANCY BALL.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. L. MILES.

---

“ There is a festival, where knights and dames,  
And aught that lofty lineage claims,  
Appear.”—

A CONFUSED sound of revelry, mingled with the dull rolling of carriages over pavements;—then the stunning knocker shook my nerves;—wherefore was I here? Lady L., in the ceremony of receiving her guests, had forgotten her friend; I was alone, and, to avoid observation, leaned over a vase of flowers; already they drooped, and, hanging their pale heads, methought they sighed for the dews of the evening—for the song of the nightingale. Another attracted my attention—strange! every flower was bright, every stem unbent; I approached wondering; no perfume was emitted from their sapless leaves lovely impostors! Alas! the sense of earth, and earthly things comes back, and I indulged an awakened train of reflections—even in a ball-room.

My meditations were suddenly interrupted,—a glittering form stood beside me—it was ROSALIE, the admired daughter of my inattentive hostess, who, in the costume of an eastern princess, was every where anxiously seeking her rustic friend. “ If I may guess your thought,” said she, as we walked towards the saloon, “ confess, were you not (in Fancy’s elysium) borne away by the enchanter, memory, to your own sylvan scenes? and were not those superb bowers transformed into flower beds? and the garlands wreathing round marble pillars—did they not resemble ——” Thus rallied the playful girl in the mirth of her heart.

We have reached the saloon; the light of a thousand lamps seemed to illumine the spacious apartment, which terminated in a vista, where fanciful temples, grottos and pagodas, amid embowering trees, were revealed by an expansive arch exhibiting the varied hues of the rainbow. Towards this attractive spot the motley crowds were all hastening, while the waving of plumes, the bending of heads, slight,—reverent,—or most obedient, formed an intelligent pantomime of the costly pageant. Rosalie in fashion’s mystic mazes was perfectly initiated; the hours glided insensibly away—nor were we reminded of their lateness, till the “ hum” of preparation, announced the meeting of scattered groups. Here a Turkish pacha offered



his arm to a veiled nun; there an oyster-girl was escorted by a Hindoo chief; the soldier and necromancer departed together; and drowsy bacchanals, dreading the night-chill, tarried not behind; a troop of flower-girls and Swiss peasants closed the cavalcade; the farewell compliments were spoken; the last chariot rapidly whirled from the door, and we were again alone.

"'Tis thus the play ends," said Rosalie, turning languidly to me, "'Nature resumes her empire,' and we will visit her in her solitude; for, although fatigued and oppressed, I feel little inclined for repose." The delicious coolness of the air was reviving, and we wandered towards a distant arbour, when the plaintive tones of a guitar softly stole upon the stillness of night; we listened, and ere the first strain was concluded, I felt the susceptible Rosalie tremble, as her arm rested upon mine. A voice, full of melody, accompanied the instrument with the following words:—

"The world in its coldness is sleeping,  
The lovely and mirthful are gone,  
While I my lone vigil am keeping,  
Forsaken, but never alone.

The friend of my bosom is leaning,  
(Where oft it has leant) on my breast,  
From my sorrow all others are waning,  
But this is the truest and best.

Its touch has a power beguiling  
To call from the dreams of repose,  
The spirit that long hover'd, smiling,  
And sooth'd, with her softness, my woes.

Though friendship and feeling may perish,  
And beauty, and truth are afar;  
Still fondly this bosom will cherish  
The gift of my love—her GUITAR."

The minstrel ceased, and a moment more brought him to our view, dressed in a Spanish costume; Rosalie quickly recognised him, whom she had mourned as a wanderer in another land, returned, with unshaken fidelity—her *betrothed*. The clouds of adversity, which darkened their early prospects, had passed away; and, like the faint streaks of sunrise, which now gleamed in the horizon, the dawn of future happiness smiled above them.



## INTERESTING MUSICAL FACTS.

(From Gardiner's *Music of Nature*.)

**FORMATION OF A MUSICAL EAR.**—The formation of a musical ear depends on early impressions ;—infants who are placed within the constant hearing of musical sounds soon learn to appreciate them, and nurses have the merit of giving the first lessons in melody ; for we learn from the lives of eminent composers that their early fondness for the art may be traced to the ditties of the nursery.

**A FINE EAR.**—Mr. Darwin informs us in his *Zoonomia*, that the late Justice Fielding walked for the first time into his room when he once visited him, and after speaking a few words, said “ This room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high ”—all of which he guessed by the ear.

**SYMPATHY OF MOTION.**—It has been found that in a watch-maker's shop, the time pieces or clocks, connected with the same wall or shelf, have such sympathetic effect in keeping time, that they stop those which beat in irregular time ; and if any are at rest, set agoing those which beat accurately.

**POWERFUL TONE OF BIRDS.**—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size ; but a recent discovery has shown, that in birds the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all, the very bones are hollow, from which air passes are conveyed to most parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. This air being rarified by the heat of the body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.

**BARKING OF DOGS THE RESULT OF CIVILIZATION.**—Dogs in a state of nature never bark, they simply whine, howl, and growl,—this explosive noise is only found among these which are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty ; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking.



## REVIEW OF MUSIC.

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*Quatre Variations avec Introduction et Finale pour la Guitarre. Composées et dédiées à CAPITAINE GEO. H. PHILLIPS, par F. HORETZKY. Op. 22. Aldridge.*

*Variatione Concertante sopra un Tema originale di Rossini per Chitarra; e dedicate alla CONTESSA DI GUILFORT, da L. SAGRINI e G. OSBORNE. Aldridge.*

The first of these compositions, by Horetzky, displays, as do most of his writings, great taste, with little originality or invention. The higher attributes of writing, this composer does not appear to possess; or if he possess them, lacks the industry of properly appropriating them. Horetzky's playing, on the contrary, is of the very first description; every thing that he attempts on his instrument is agreeable, and in the highest degree finished. That he is not an original composer, therefore, is a fact which may be soon proved by the great uniformity of the majority of his compositions. Take either of them singly, and you will be highly delighted; and the one under review is one of the most delightful; but play several of them one after the other, and you will find one so much resembles the other—so much sameness—so much tautology—that they in time become tiresome and insipid. The present composition is, however, an excellent specimen of Horetzky's style; and it is dedicated to a gallant captain, whom we have heard can do justice to its difficulties.

The Concertante Variations for Guitar and Piano, by Messrs. Sagrini and Osborne, are exceedingly showy and effective, when in the hands of first-rate players. But it is that sort of music which must be played well, for in the hands of even tolerable players its best effects will be marred; such is the difficulty of surmounting its niceties.

Before we conclude our notice of these compositions, we wish to remind the publisher of the inconsistency of affixing titles in foreign languages to productions destined for the use of English people, who naturally wish, at the first glance, to discover the nature of what is offered to them for their approbation.



*Six Rondeaux Progressifs pour la Guitarre. Composées et Dediées à  
MR. FRANCOIS LANGER par MAURO GIULIANI. Davis.*

These progressifs rondeaux (we wish that Mr. Davis would give us English) are admirably calculated for those amateurs who like to be pleased with little exertion. This is in fact real amateur music; easy, agreeable, and in a style at once familiar and natural. Who, that plays these little pieces, will stop at the threshold—or, as our correspondent “N,” more classically says, at the vestibule of the guitarist’s sanctuary; and who, that thus finds his way to the door of the temple, will not strive to take a peep at the inside? These pieces should be in the hands of every master, and every pupil should ask his master for them.

*Fantasia for the Guitar, introducing “God Save the King.” Dedicated to  
LORD SALTOUN by I. R. NUSKE. Boosey & Co.*

Next to Sor there is, perhaps, no guitar composer who can better display his musical lore than Mr. Nuské. He is a writer for whom we have a great respect; and were he to cultivate the great talent that he undoubtedly possesses, he would, we feel confident, soon rank among the first benefactors of the instrument. The present piece will gladden the eye and ear of the first connoisseur. The introduction, as a piece of music, is admirable, but it wants that great desideratum in an introduction—a few notes, like the theme, to prepare the ear for it, when it is afterwards introduced. The modulation which precedes the theme, however, is indeed masterly, and is a fine study to those who wish to dive a little deeper into the beauties of the instrument than a mere superficial attainment. The variations are all excellent.

## FOREIGN MUSICAL NEWS. CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE reform, which the Sultan has been so industriously and zealously promoting in the manners and customs of the Turks, promises to be soon as complete in musical, as it is already in military affairs. The Turkish or rather Arabic music has given way to that of Europe, and scarcely any thing of melody or harmony is now heard in Constantinople that has not been imported from Italy. At four o’clock in the afternoon, at the moment of Gindy, the time when the public functionaries among the Ottomans retire from business a band of wind instruments is daily heard traversing the interval between the courts of the new palace. This band is called the ‘Band of the Agas of the Seraglio,’ and consists entirely of young Turks who have become able performers, under the instruction of M. Donizetti, brother of the composer. At first the combinations and harmony, and the overtures of Rossini, were too base for the ears of all good Musselmen; but they begin, at length to be somewhat reconciled by use, and their holy horror at whatever proceeds from the Giaours of the West is not proof against the charms of ‘Di Tanti Palpiti,’ and numerous other melodies of Rossini, &c. Mr. Slade in his ‘Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c.’ just published, gives us a curious account of the knowledge of the Turkish *Capitan Pacha*, or High Admiral, in musical affairs. This officer had been a shoemaker, and knew as much of



naval matters as of the fine arts. Mr. Slade visited him on board his ship, and among other amusements got up for the English traveller, was a concert which he thus described : " In the middle of the day he (the Capitan Pacha) crept into the kennel abaft the mizen-mast, and reposed for some hours, an example which was followed by all the officers, who were stretched out on the quarter deck and covered by flags to keep off the sun. On awaking, coffee and chibouques were served. Water was then brought with a complete change of garments ! and in the same narrow box, six feet by three, by two high, he washed and dressed ; then came out and enjoyed the cool of the evening on his quarter deck couch, always doing me the honour to place me beside him with a chibouque, and no doubt it was a droll sight to the crew, who all gathered round to see the *Pacha* and me thus cheek by jowl. His band, consisting of as many drums and cymbals as could be collected, with two clarionets and one fife, made a noise for our benefit. It played the Hunters' Chorus in 'Der Freischütz,' 'Zitti Zitti,' and 'Malbrook' over and over again until I fairly wished it at the bottom of the sea. I not only could not stop my ears, but was obliged to applaud liberally. Thinking that its style was more adapted to Turkish music, at the same time intending a compliment, I asked the Pacha whether it could perform any Turkish airs ? " Turkish airs," he repeated with astonishment ; " *Marshallah* ! have you not been listening to them these two hours ? " I bowed, and took refuge in ignorance.

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#### PARIS.

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THE new opera, by Bellini, entitled *I Capuleti ed I Montuchi*, lately brought out here, has been attended with great success. The "*Revue Musicale*," edited by M. Fetis, thus speaks of it :—" Few operas have been more favourably received in Italy (where it was first produced). The most brilliant portion of the first act is the *cabalette* of the finale ; it excited enthusiastic plaudits, and decided the success of the opera. The second and third acts consist each of only one scene, but these scenes are well conceived, and full of powerful situations. In the second act, *Romeo* challenges his rival, *Tebaldo* ; both are on the point of drawing their swords. Such a situation would have inspired Rossini with one of his finest *morceaux*. Just as the rivals are about to fight, Juliet's funeral procession appears at the back of the stage. This incident might have been rendered productive of powerful effect ; but here Bellini's inspiration has failed him, and there is more of declamation than real expression. In the music that is allotted to *Romeo* and *Tebaldo*, however, at the close of this scene, there occurs a passage of admirable beauty. The scene between the two lovers, after the revival of *Juliet*, was very fine. *Julia Grisi* was, by turns, graceful and energetic in the part of *Juliet*. This young lady is making rapid and extraordinary progress ; her acting was exceedingly pathetic in the scene in which she throws herself at her father's feet, to implore his pardon. *Rubini* sang, in his usual superior style, the cavatina, which, together with the duo in the second act, contributes all that is remarkable in the part of *Tebaldo*."



## Musical Intelligence, Chat-Chat, &c.

KING'S THEATRE, FEB. 16.—As we are anticipated by all the daily and weekly papers, in giving an account of the opera and the drama, we shall not be guilty of the bad taste of giving lengthened details on subjects, which, to our readers, at least, must of course be notorious, and therefore stale and unprofitable. We are further anxious to beat out a new path for ourselves, choosing rather to be *alone* in the opinions that we may venture, than to follow in the wake of those, who, having set up their idol in some particular performer, worship it to the exclusion of all other just claimants. But when we have no novelty of this description to lay before our readers, we intend giving, in an abridged form, the various and oftentimes contradictory opinions of the public press, imagining that our readers, like ourselves, will sometimes relish a dish, which, like many in the culinary art, is the more piquant for the very reason of containing many opposite ingredients. The horizon of the musical critic is not very limited, particularly if he include the thousand-and-one semi-public concerts which take place in a single season in this great metropolis. But the real musical critics themselves are truly circumscribed in numbers; if we say there are a dozen good ones, we are really overrating their numbers. How frequently these "doctors" disagree, it will be our future province to show; at the same time, we will, without any arrogant presumption, endeavour to put the reader right, by showing the fallacy or truth of the opinions of all parties. In announcing this intention, we shall only give it its own due importance, and not encroach on space, that we may be more profitably employed. At the opening of the King's Theatre on the 16th was performed Rossini's *Cenerentola*, on which occasion Madame Boccabadati (a long name, but very short personage), made her *debut* as Prima Donna. Most of the daily papers award her a very qualified degree of praise. The Literary Gazette says—"With respect to her musical accomplishments, their display on Saturday evening induced a comparison far from favourable, with those whom we have been accustomed to hear in this opera: her voice appear to be of a thin, weak quality; pretty in its softer tones, but decidedly ineffective where power, either of execution or sustension is required. The opening ditty was feebly given." The Athenæum's opinion is, that "her voice, like most flexible voices, is of a thin quality: her intonation is generally perfect, and her style is purely Italian, rather meretricious in ornament perhaps, but expressive. Her species of voice is properly denominated, *voce di testa*, and it has little power below F; and we observed that some melodies were not only transposed, but disguised by inversion. However, altogether it was a respectable performance, and her reception was very flattering." To these accounts we may add, that Madame Boccabadati is a lady of rank, and a very estimable private character. All the papers seem to have discovered simultaneously, that De Begnis is getting old: for example, Times—"De Begnis played admirably, but he is no longer young." Athenæum—"De Begnis is no longer young; but his acting is always good." Turn to the Literary Gazette, and we read—"De Begnis is a funny fellow, but did not make a hit in the *Magnifico*. He is growing old!"

KING'S THEATRE, FEB. 26.—Rossini's opera, "*La Donna del Lago*," has been played here this evening, De Meric sustaining the character of *Elena*, and Donzelli that of *Roderic Dhu*. The former was not in excellent voice; she sung too flat throughout the night. Her best effort was the *finale*, which afforded the opportunity of displaying her power in her favourite syncopated passages. Donzelli sung with great care, and was repeatedly honoured with applause. Arigotti, whom we remember last season in very trifling parts, was tried this evening in the character of James or Hubert; he has considerably improved in his singing, and if he would only open his mouth, so as to render his articulation louder and more distinct, and endeavour to throw *some* animation into his acting—for at present he gives it none whatever, he might be of use in the general cast of operas. Mademoiselle Schiasetti, from the Theatre Italien, Paris, made her first appearance here in the character of *Malcolm Græme*. To a thorough acquaintance with her profession in all its essentials of acting, stage trick, &c., this lady adds the possession of a good voice. Her style, however, is bald and disjointed. She has a knack of overcoming any difficulties, by manœuvring through, rather than singing them. Her figure is very small; her face possesses much animation, and her acting, on the whole, is easy and graceful. The opera, with the exception of the spirited scene, "the gathering of the clans," went off rather tamely. The ballet of *Faust* closed the performances, *somewhere about two o'clock*.



